

## I am the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

I want to know you if ever, ever meant a word that you spoke.  
or is 'starving your friends' the most you can manage?  
is it me? or was something missing from this?  
cause of all of the men that you've kissed, I seem the worst for the wear.

I will die with the morning light cause I've cursed myself over with prayers,  
the nightingales are hurrying to anoint me one of the fallen throats,  
but you maintain your throne.

I – I have to go and I think you know it, I'm terminal and I've bled dry, the sea calls me.  
Hands to the sky, she always told me. You'll go down with your dignity piercing the surface,  
raised in faint memory of a season's worth of cigarettes ashed into the breeze, burnt and drifting.

I will die with the morning light cause I've cursed myself over with prayers,  
the nightingales are hurrying to anoint me one of the fallen throats, but  
you maintain your throne

balladeer under the sea, I'm calling you, I'm calling you,  
channel the siren in me, I'm calling you, I'm calling you. (x2)  
I'm calling you, I'm calling you Neptune  
I'm calling you, I'm calling you Neptune.  
I'm calling you, I'm calling you. (x4)

and I'll go down with all my flags waving, and all my 'sincerities'  
cause I will die with the morning light and there is no saving me. (x2)